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AUNT SALLY COME UP



OR
THE NIGGER'S
SALE

BY

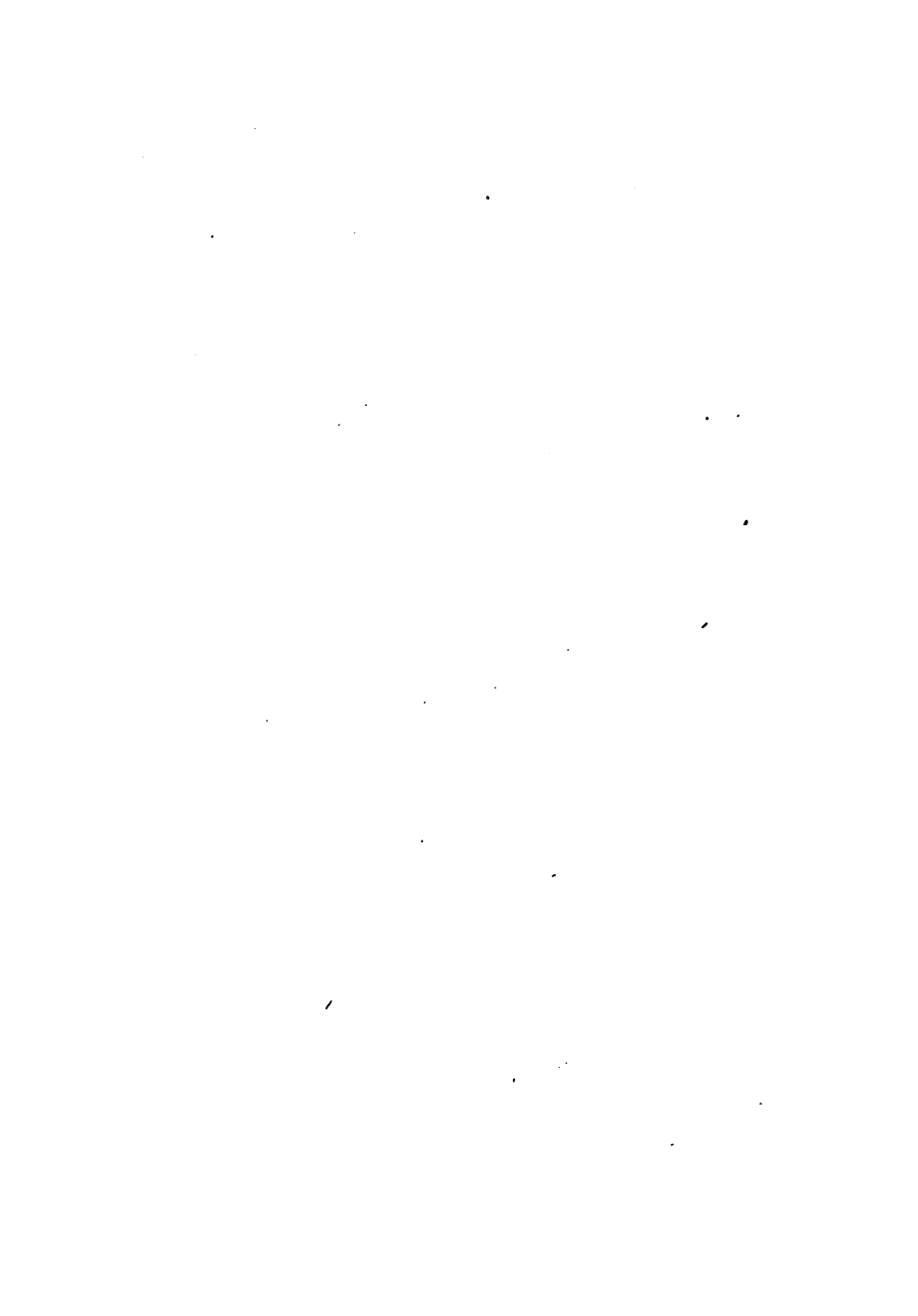
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GREELEY.



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AUNT SALLY, COME UP!

OR,

THE NIGGER SALE.

By HORACE GREELEY.

LONDON :
WARD AND LOCK, 158, FLEET STREET,
AND ALL BOOKSELLERS.

1859.

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THE HISTORY OF THE
CITY OF LONDON

FROM THE FOUNDATION
TO THE PRESENT TIME



Dedication.

TO MRS. H. B. STOWE,
AUTHOR OF THE
MOST POWERFUL AND IMPRESSIVE PICTURE OF THE
SORROWS AND SUFFERINGS OF
THE NEGRO SLAVE IN AMERICA,
WHICH WAS EVER WRITTEN,
AND TRUE DEPICTER OF THE MANY EXCELLENCIES
AND VIRTUES OF
THE NEGRO CHARACTER,
THIS ENGLISH EDITION OF A STRONG PIECE OF
CORROBORATIVE TESTIMONY TO THE TRUTH
OF HER STATEMENTS
Is respectfully Dedicated.

PREFACE.

ARISTOCRATIC travellers who visit the Southern States of America, and are there entertained in princely style by the rich planters, who live among their slaves, like the patriarchs of old, in the midst of their numerous descendants, give us glowing pictures of the pleasures and amenities of slave life. They tell us that the negro is far better off than the "white slaves" at home, as they are pleased to call our toilers and moilers, who are often without food to eat, or clothes to wear, or a roof to shelter them, "while Sambo and Black Phillis are well fed, and clothed, and housed, and by no means hard-worked. Why, then," they say, "this cry of sympathy for the negro slave, and of indignation against his kind and benevolent owner? Look at the plump, rollicking 'piccaninnies,' which swarm about the homesteads of our Southern planters, and compare them with the miserable, vicious-looking, abject imps, called children, of your large towns and cities. Would it not be better for them to have some kind master to watch over and care for them?" No doubt it would, provided—and there's the rub!—they were not his as chattels are, to buy and sell, to barter and exchange, as

it might at any time suit his interest or inclination. This is a power which no mortal ought to have over his fellow-creatures, for it is sure to be abused. We know that it constantly is so; that there are cruel, unscrupulous, brutal Legrees, as well as careless, good-natured, kindly-hearted St. Clairs; and that although there may be here and there a smiling plantation of the South, which may seem a Paradise, yet not far from it, probably, is one which is a perfect hell upon earth; and all our most reliable testimony goes to show that the former is the exception to the general rule; and also that, as even in Eden there was a lurking serpent, so it will be found, upon close inquiry, that the most beautiful and flowery scene of slave life in America—and indeed everywhere else, has its hidden curse, which attaches, not to the ordinary relations of master and dependents in a state of freedom, but is peculiar to, and inseparable from, the slavery system.

Let us not be led away, then, by arguments in favour of slavery, drawn from the undoubted fact that slaves are often well treated, and happy; it is to their owner's interest to feed and treat them well, and make them contented with their lot; and none but those who are themselves slaves to evil passions, and who are lost to a sense of moral responsibility, would whip, and torture, their fellow-creatures, and make their captivity a short and dreary passage to the grave, which is welcomed as a relief from unendurable sufferings.

But unhappily there are such persons, and they form a large proportion of the American slave-owners; and not of these only, but of all slave-owners; for the natural tendency of irre-

sponsible power is to beget tyranny ; and inas-much as that human beings, even although they may have black skins, bow not to the will of a master so submissively as brute creatures, there will be strife and bitterness between master and slave ; and the more the latter strives, and struggles, and shows disinclination to obey, the more severe and exacting will the former become. A free man would leave the service of one who had become tyrannical, and offer his skill and strength elsewhere ; but a slave cannot ; he must be flogged into submission, and chained to the spot which is hateful to him ; or, if he escape, hunted and shot like a wild beast, or brought back to the scene of his labours, and punished more severely than before, as an example and a warning to the rest.

The narrative to which we have prefixed these remarks exhibits in a very striking manner some of the most crying evils of the slavery system. The poor creatures who were put up to auction, and sold to the highest bidders, no matter how brutal or abandoned might be the characters of the purchasers, or the uses to which it was intended to put the "articles" bought, were torn away from the spot where they had most, if not all of them, passed perhaps as happy an existence as often falls to the lot of slaves.

We may look upon theirs as one of those favourable aspects of slave life which are constantly presented to us by the defenders of the slave system. And yet, see the result ! A sudden overthrow of all man's dearest hopes, and most cherished affections. The old home must be left ; the old friends parted with ; and all the ties of affection rudely and ruthlessly torn apart.

The members of this slave community were dispersed hither and thither, at the entire disposal of any who could raise the amount of their market value. Is not this sufficient to fix upon "the peculiar institution" the stigma of a shameful and unholy thing? Who can read an account of the scenes enacted at this great sale of human chattels, without feelings of the deepest pity, indignation, and astonishment?—pity for the poor victims of an iniquitous system; indignation that our fellow-creatures should be thus used and treated; and astonishment, that a people whose watchword is Freedom, whose professed creed is Christianity, should so practically disregard alike the spirit of their Declaration of Independence, and of the New Testament. Well may their anti-slavery poet, Whittier, exclaim :

" Is this the land our fathers loved—
The freedom which they toiled to win?
Is this the soil whereon they moved?
Are these the graves they slumber in?
Are we the sons by whom are borne
The mantles which the dead have worn?"

H. G. A.

AUNT SALLY, COME UP!

OR,

THE NIGGER SALE.

THE largest sale of human chattels that has been made in star-spangled America for several years took place on Wednesday and Thursday, March 2 and 3, 1859) at the race-course, near the city of Savannah, Georgia.

The lot consisted of 436 men, women, children, and infants, being that half of the negro stock remaining on the old Major Butler plantations, which fell to

one of the two heirs to that estate. Major Butler dying, left a property valued at more than a million of dollars, the major part of which was invested in rice and cotton plantations, and the slaves thereon, all of which immense fortune descended to two heirs, his sons—Mr. John A. Butler, some time deceased, and Mr. Pierce M. Butler, still living, and resident in the city of Philadelphia, in the Free State of Pennsylvania.

Losses in the grand crash of 1857-8, and other exigencies of business, have compelled the latter gentleman to realize on his Southern investments, that he may satisfy his pressing creditors. This necessity led to a partition of the negro stock on the Georgia plantations between himself and the representative of the other heir, the widow of the late John A. Butler, and the negroes that were brought to the hammer last week were the property of Mr. Pierce M. Butler, of Philadelphia, and were, in fact, sold to pay Mr. Pierce M. Butler's debts.

The creditors were represented by

General Cadwallader, while Mr. Butler was present in person, attended by his business agent, to attend to his own interests.

The sale had been advertised largely for many weeks, though the name of Mr. Butler was not mentioned, and, as the negroes were known to be a choice lot, and very desirable property, the attendance of buyers was large.

The breaking up of an old family estate is so uncommon an occurrence, that the affair was regarded with unusual interest throughout the South.

For several days before the sale every hotel in Savannah was crowded with negro speculators from North and South Carolina, Virginia, Georgia, Alabama, and Louisiana, who had been attracted thither by the prospects of making good bargains.

Nothing was heard for days in the bar-rooms and public rooms but talk of *the great sale*, criticisms of the business

affairs of Mr. Butler, and speculations as to the probable prices the stock would bring.

The office of Joseph Bryan, the negro broker, who had the management of the sale, was thronged every day by eager enquirers in search of information, and by some who were anxious to buy, but were uncertain as to whether their securities would prove acceptable.

Little parties were made up from the various hotels every day to visit the Race-course, distant some three miles from the city, to look over the chattels, discuss their points, and take memoranda for guidance on the day of sale.

The buyers were generally of a rough breed, slangy, profane, and bearish, being for the most part from the Black River, and Swamp plantations, where the elegancies of polite life are not, perhaps, developed to their fullest extent. In fact, the humanities are sadly neglected by the petty tyrants of the rice fields that *border the great Dismal Swamp* ; their

knowledge of the luxuries of our best society comprehending only revolvers and kindred delicacies.

Your correspondent was present at an early date, but as he easily anticipated the touching welcome that would, at such a time, be officially extended to a representative of the *Tribune*, and being a modest man withal, and not desiring to be the recipient of a public demonstration from the enthusiastic Southern population, who at times overdo their hospitality and their guests, he did not placard his mission and claim his honours.

Although he kept his business in the background, he made himself a prominent figure in the picture, and wherever there was any thing going on, there was he in the midst.

At the sale might be seen a busy individual, armed with pencil and catalogue, doing his utmost to keep up all the appearance of a knowing buyer, pricing "likely nigger fellers," talking confidentially to the smartest ebon maids, chuck-

ing the round-eyed youngsters under the chin, making an occasional bid for a large family, (a low bid, so low that some one always instantly raised him twenty-five dollars, when the busy man would ignominiously retreat), and otherwise conducting himself like a rich planter, with forty thousand dollars, where he could put his finger on it. This gentleman was much consoled with by some sympathizing persons, when the particularly fine lot on which he had fixed his critical eyes was sold and lost to him for ever, because he happened to be down stairs at lunch, just at the interesting moment.

The negroes came from two plantations; the one a rice plantation, near Darien, in the State of Georgia, not far from the great Okefonokee Swamp, and the other a cotton plantation, on the extreme northern point of St. Simon's Island, a little bit of an island in the Atlantic, cut off from Georgia mainland by a slender arm of the sea.

Though the most of the stock had

been accustomed only to rice and cotton planting, there were among them a number of very passable mechanics, who had been taught to do all the rougher sorts of mechanical work on the plantations.

There were coopers, carpenters, shoemakers, and blacksmiths, each one equal in his various craft to the ordinary requirements of a plantation ; thus, the cooper could make rice-tierces, and, possibly, on a pinch, rude tubs and buckets ; the carpenter could do the rough carpentry about the negro quarters ; the shoemaker could make shoes of the fashion required for the slaves ; and the blacksmith was adequate to the manufacture of hoes, and similar simple tools, and to such trifling repairs in the blacksmithing way as did not require too refined a skill.

Though, probably, no one of all these would be called a superior, or even an average workman, among the masters of the craft, their knowledge of these various trades sold in some cases for nearly as *much as the man*—that is, a man who

without a trade would be valued at 900 dols., would readily bring 1,600 dols., or 1,700 dols., if he was a passable blacksmith or cooper.

There were no light mulattoes in the whole lot of the Butler stock, and but very few that were even a shade removed from the original Congo blackness.

They have been little defiled by the admixture of degenerate Anglo-Saxon blood, and, for the most part, could boast that they were of as pure a breed as the best blood of Spain—a point in their favour in the eyes of the buyer as well as physiologically, for too liberal an infusion of the blood of the dominant race brings a larger intelligence, a more vigorous brain, which anon grows restless under the yoke, and is prone to enquire into the definition of the word liberty, and the meaning of the starry flag, which waves, as you may have heard, o'er the land of the free.

The pure blooded negroes are much *more docile and manageable* than mulat-

toes, though less quick of comprehension, which makes them preferred by drivers, who can stimulate stupidity much easier by the lash, than they can control intelligence by it.

None of the Butler slaves had ever been sold before, but had been on those two plantations since they were born. Here have they lived their humble lives, and loved their simple loves ; here were they born, and here have many of them had children born unto them ; here had their parents lived before them, and are now resting, in quiet graves on the old plantations, that these unhappy ones are to see no more for ever ; here they left, not only the well-known scenes dear to them from very babyhood by a thousand fond memories, and their homes, as loved by them, perhaps, as brighter homes by men of brighter faces ; but all the clinging ties that bound them to loving hearts were torn.

One half of these two happy little communities was sent to the shambles, to be scattered to the four winds, but

the other half were left behind. And who can tell how closely intertwined are the affections of a little band of four hundred persons, living isolated from all the world beside from birth to middle age ? Do they not naturally become one great family, each man a brother unto each ?

It is true they were sold "in families." But let us see : a man and his wife were called "a family ;" their parents and kindred were not taken into account. The man and wife might be sold to the pine woods of North Carolina ; their brothers and sisters be scattered through the cotton fields of Alabama and the rice swamps of Louisiana ; while the parents might be left on the old plantation to wear out their weary lives in heavy grief, and lay their heads in far-off graves, over which their children might never weep.

And no account could be taken of loves that were as yet unconsummated by marriage ; and how many aching hearts have been divorced by this sum-

mary proceeding, no man can ever know.

The separation is as utter, and is infinitely more hopeless than that made by the angel of Death; for in the latter case the loved ones are committed to the care of a merciful Deity, but, in the other instance, the tender mercies of a slave-driver.

These dark-skinned unfortunates are perfectly unlettered, and could not communicate by writing, even if they could know where to send their missives. And so to each other, and to the old familiar places of their youth, cling all their sympathies and affections—not less strong, perhaps, because they are so few.

The blades of grass on all the Butler estate are outnumbered by the tears that are poured out in agony at the wreck that has been wrought in happy homes, and the crushing grief that has been laid on loving hearts.

But, then, what business have niggers

with tears? Didn't Pierce Butler give them a silver dollar a piece? which will appear in the sequel. And sad as it is, it was all necessary, because a gentleman was not able to live on the beggarly pittance of half a million, and so must needs enter into speculations which turned out adversely.

HOW THE NEGROES WERE TREATED IN SAVANNAH.

THE negroes were brought to Savannah in small lots, as many at a time as could be conveniently taken care of—the last of them reaching the city the Friday before the sale.

They were consigned to the care of Mr. J. Bryan, Auctioneer and Negro Broker, who was to feed and keep them in condition until disposed of.

Immediately on their arrival at Savannah they were taken to the Racecourse,

and there quartered in the sheds erected for the accommodation of the horses and carriages of gentlemen attending the races. Into these sheds they were huddled pell-mell, without any more attention to their comfort than was necessary to their becoming ill and unsaleable.

Each "family" had one or more boxes or bundles, in which were stowed such scanty articles of their clothing as were not brought into immediate requisition, and their tin dishes and gourds for their meat and drink.

It is, perhaps, a fit tribute to large-handed munificence to say that, when the negro man was sold, there was no extra charge for the negro man's clothes ; they went with the man, and were not charged in the bill.

Nor is this altogether a contemptible idea, for many of them had worldly wealth, in the shape of clothing and other valuables, to the extent of, perhaps, four or five dollars ; and had all these been taken strictly into account, the sum •

total of the sale would have been increased probably a thousand dollars.

In the North we do not necessarily sell the harness with the horse. Why, in the South, should the clothes go with the negro?

In these sheds were the chattels huddled together on the floor, there being no sign of bench or table. They eat and slept on the bare boards, their food being rice and beans, with occasionally a bit of bacon and corn bread. Their huge bundles were scattered over the floor, and thereon the slaves sat or reclined, when not restlessly moving about, or gathered into sorrowful groups, discussing the chances of their future fate.

On the faces of all was an expression of heavy grief: some appeared to be resigned to the hard stroke of fortune that had torn them from their homes, and were sadly trying to make the best of it; some sat brooding moodily over their sorrows, their chins resting on their

hands, their eyes staring vacantly, and their bodies rocking to and fro, with a restless motion that was never stilled ; few wept—the place was too public, and the drivers too near, though some occasionally turned aside to give way to a few quiet tears.

They were dressed in every possible variety of uncouth and fantastic garb, in every style, and of every imaginable colour ; the texture of the garments was in all cases coarse, most of the men being clothed in the rough cloth that is made expressly for the slaves.

The dresses assumed by the negro minstrels, when they give imitations of plantation character, are by no means exaggerated ; they are, instead, weak, and unable to come up to the original. There was every variety of hat, with every imaginable slouch ; and there was every cut and style of coat and pantaloons, made with every conceivable ingenuity of misfit, and tossed on with a general appearance of looseness that is *perfectly* indescribable, except to say that

a Southern negro always looks as if he could shake his clothes off without taking his hands out of his pockets.

The women, true to the feminine instinct, had made, in almost every case, some attempt at finery. All wore gorgeous turbans, manufactured in an instant out of a gay-coloured handkerchief by a sudden and graceful twist of the fingers ; though there was occasionally a more elaborate turban—a turban complex and mysterious, got up with care, and ornamented with a few bits of ribbon. Their dresses were mostly coarse stuff, though there were some of gaudy calicoes ; a few had earrings, and one possessed the treasure of a string of yellow and blue beads.

The little children were always better and more carefully dressed than the older ones ; the parental pride coming out in the shape of a yellow cap pointed like a mitre, or a jacket with a strip of red broadcloth round the bottom. The children were of all sizes, the youngest being *fifteen* days old.

The babies were generally good-natured ; though when one would set up a yell, the complaint soon attacked the others, and a full chorus would be the result. A young negro baby looks like an animated bit of indiarubber, and has wonderful powers of suction.

They were very prevalent in the long show-room, where the stock was all congregated the day of sale ; and those that were old enough to have positive powers of locomotion were perpetually crawling away from their mothers, and getting under the feet of visitors. They have a passion for climbing, and made strenuous exertions to scale the legs of people who did not belong to them.

If a man stood still for a minute, he was certain to have a baby hanging to each leg, like a crab. They did not object to being knocked down and rolled over, or being pitched across the room, or any trifle of that sort ; but it seemed to disconcert them to step on their fingers.

THE INSPECTION.

The slaves remained at the Racecourse, some of them for more than a week, and all of them for four days, before the sale. They were brought in thus early that buyers who desired to inspect them might enjoy that privilege, although none of them were sold at private sale.

During these preliminary days their shed was constantly visited by speculators. The negroes were examined with as little consideration as if they had been brutes indeed ; the buyers pulling their mouths open to see their teeth, pinching their limbs to find how muscular they

were, walking up and down to detect any signs of lameness, making them stoop and bend in different ways, that they might be certain there was no concealed rupture or wound ; and, in addition to all this treatment, asking them scores of question relative to their qualifications and accomplishments.

All these humiliations were submitted to without a murmur, and, in some instances, with good-natured cheerfulness, where the slave liked the appearance of the proposed buyer, and fancied that he might prove a kind “mas’r.” The following curiously sad scene is the type of a score of others that were there enacted :—

Elisha, chattel No. 5 in the catalogue, had taken a fancy to a benevolent-looking middle-aged gentleman, who was inspecting the stock, and thus used his powers of persuasion to induce the benevolent man to purchase him, with his wife, boy, and girl, Molly, Israel, and Sevanda, chattels No. 6, 7, and 8.

The earnestness with which the poor fellow pressed his suit—knowing as he did that perhaps the happiness of his whole life depended on his success — was touching, and the arguments he used most pathetic. He made no appeal to the feelings of the buyer; he rested no hopes on his charity and kindness, but only strove to show how well worth his dollars were the bone and blood he was entreating him to buy.

“Look at me, mas’r; am prime rice-planter; sho’ you won’t find a better on de whole plantation; not a bit old yet; do mo’ work den ever; do carpenter work, too, little; better buy me, mas’r; I’s be good servant, mas’r. Molly, my wife, too, Sa, fus rate rice hand; mos’ as good as me. Stan’ out yer, Molly, and let the gen’lm’n see.”

Molly advances, with her hands crossed on her bosom, and makes a quick, short curtsy, and stands mute, looking appealingly in the benevolent man’s face. But Elisha talks all the faster.

“ Show mas’r your arm, Molly. Good arm that, mas’r ; she do a heap of work mo’ with dat arm yet. Let good mas’r see yer teeth, Molly. See that, mas’r ; teeth all reg’lar, all good ; she’m young gal yet. Come up yer, Israel ; walk aroun’ an’ let the gen’lm’n see how spry you be.”

Then, pointing to the three-year-old girl, who stood with her chubby hand to her mouth, holding on to her mother’s dress, and uncertain what to make of the strange scene—

“ Little Vandy’s only a chile yet ; make prime gal by-and-by. Better buy us, mas’r ; we’m fus rate bargain,” and so on.

But the benevolent gentleman found where he could drive a closer bargain, and so bought somebody else.

Similar scenes were transacting all the while on every side — parents praising the strength and cleverness of their children, and showing off every muscle and

sinew to the very best advantage, not with the excusable pride of other parents, but to make them the more desirable in the eyes of the man-buyer; and, on the other hand, children excusing and mitigating the age and inability of parents, that they might be more marketable, and fall, if possible, into kind hands. Not unfrequently these representations, if borne out by the facts, secured a purchaser.

The women never spoke to the white men unless spoken to, and then made the conference as short as possible. And not one of them all, during the whole time they were thus exposed to the rude questions of vulgar men, spoke the least unwomanly or indelicate word, or conducted herself in any regard otherwise than as a modest woman should do; their conversation and demeanour were quite as unexceptionable as they would have been had they been the highest ladies in the land, and, through all the insults to which they were subjected, they conducted themselves with the most perfect decorum and self-respect.

The sentiment of the subjoined characteristic dialogue was heard more than once repeated :—

“ ‘ Well, Colonel, I seen you looking sharp at shoemaker Bill’s Sally. Going to buy her ?’

“ ‘ Well, Major, I think not. Sally’s a good, big, strapping gal, and can do a heap of work ; but it’s five years since she had any children. *She’s done breeding, I reckon !*’ ”

In the intervals of more active labour, the discussion of the re-opening of the slave-trade was commenced, and the opinion seemed to generally prevail that its re-establishment is a consummation devoutly to be wished ; and one red-faced major, or general, or corporal, clinched his remarks with the emphatic assertion that “ We’ll have all the niggers in Africa over here in three years —we won’t leave enough for seed !”

THE SALE.

THE Racecourse at Savannah is situated about three miles from the city, in a pleasant spot, nearly surrounded by woods. As it rained violently during the two days of the sale, the place was only occupied by carriages, and the result was that few attended but actual buyers, who had come from long distances and could not afford to lose the opportunity.

If the affair had come off in Yankee-land, there would have been a dozen omnibuses running constantly between the city and the Racecourse, and some speculator would have bagged a nice little

sum of money by the operation. But nothing of the kind was thought of here, and the only result was at the livery stables, the owners of which had sufficient business to charge double prices.

The conveniences for getting to the ground were so limited that there were were not enough buyers to warrant the opening of the sale for an hour or two after the advertised time. They dropped in, however, a few at a time, and things began to look more encouraging for the seller.

The negroes looked more uncomfortable than ever ; the close confinement indoors for a number of days, and the drizzly, unpleasant weather began to tell on their condition. They moved about more listlessly, and were fast losing the activity and springiness they had at first shown.

This morning they were all gathered into the long room of the building erected as the ' Grand Stand ' of the Racecourse, *that they might be immediately under*

the eye of the buyers. The room was about 100 feet long by 20 wide, and herein were crowded the poor creatures, with much of their baggage, awaiting their respective calls to step upon the block and be sold to the highest bidder.

This morning Mr. Pierce Butler appeared among his people, speaking to each one, and being recognised with seeming pleasure by all. The men obsequiously pulled off their hats and made that indescribable sliding hitch with the foot which passes with a negro for a bow ; and the women each dropped the quick curtsy which they seldom vouchsafe to any other than their legitimate master and mistress.

Occasionally, to a very old or favourite servant, Mr. Butler would extend his gloved hand, which mark of condescension was instantly hailed with grins of delight from all the sable witnesses.

The room in which the sale actually took place immediately adjoined the room of the negroes, and communicated with

it by two large doors. The saleroom was open to the air on one side, commanding a view of the entire course. A small platform was raised about two feet and a half high, on which were placed the desks of the entry clerks, leaving room in front of them for the auctioneer and the goods.

At about 11 o'clock the business men took their places, and announced that the sale would begin.

THE AUCTIONEERS.

Mr. BRYAN, the nigger broker, is a dapper little man, wearing spectacles and a yachting hat, sharp and sudden in his movements, and perhaps the least bit in the world obtrusively officious ; as earnest in his language as he could be without actual swearing, though acting much as if he would like to swear a little at the critical moments ; in fact, conducting himself very much like a member of the Young Man's Christian Association.

Mr. Bryan did not sell the goods, he merely superintended the operations, and

saw that the entering clerks did their duty properly. The auctioneer proper was a Mr. Walsh, who deserves a word of description. In personal appearance he is the very opposite of Mr. Bryan, being careless in his duty instead of scrupulous, a large man instead of a little one, a fat man instead of a lean one, and a good-natured man instead of a fierce one. He is a rollicking old boy, with an eye ever on the look out, and that never lets a bidding nod escape him ; a hearty word for whoever comes for it, and plenty of jokes to let off when the business gets a little slack.

Mr. Walsh has a florid complexion, not more than is becoming, and possibly not more than is natural in a whiskey country. Not only is his face red, but some cause has blistered up his skin in spots, giving him a paley look ;—taking his face all in all, the paliness and the redness combined, make him look much as if he had been boiled in the same pot with a red cabbage.

Mr. Walsh mounted the stand, and

announced the terms of the sale,—“One-third cash, the remainder payable in two equal annual instalments, bearing interest from the day of sale, to be secured by approved mortgage and personal security, or approved acceptancies on Savannah, Ga, or Charlestown, S.C. Purchasers to pay for papers.”

The buyers who were present, to the number of about two hundred, clustered around the platform ; while the negroes who were not likely to be immediately wanted, gathered into sad groups in the background, to watch the progress of the selling in which they were so sorrowfully interested.

The wind howled outside, and through the open side of the building the driving rain came pouring in ; the bar down stairs ceased for a short time its brisk trade ; the buyers lit fresh cigars, got ready their catalogues and pencils, and the first lot of human chattels was led upon the stand, not by a white man, but by a sleek mulatto, himself a slave, and who seems to regard the selling of his

brethren, in which he so glibly assists, as a capital joke.

It had been announced that the negroes would be sold in "families," that is to say, a man would not be parted from his wife, or a mother from a very young child. There is, perhaps, as much policy as humanity in this arrangement, for thereby many aged and unserviceable people are disposed of, who otherwise would not find a ready sale.

The first family brought out were announced on the catalogue as—

- 1, George, 27, prime cotton planter.
- 2, Sue, 26, prime rice planter.
- 3, George, 6, boy child.
- 4, Harry, 2, boy child.

The manner of buying was announced to be, bidding a certain price a piece for the whole lot. Thus, George and his family were started at 300 dols., and they were finally sold at 600 dols. each, being 2,400 dols. for the four. To get an idea of the relative value of each one, we must

suppose George worth 1,200 dols., Sue, worth 900 dols., little George worth 200 dols., and Harry worth 100 dols.

Owing, however, to some misapprehension on the part of the buyer, as to the manner of bidding, he did not take the family at this figure, and they were put up and sold again on the second day, when they brought 620 dols. each, or 2,480 dols. for the whole—an advance of 80 dols. over the first sale.

Robert and Luna, his wife, who were announced as having “goitre, otherwise, very prime,” brought the round sum of 1,005 dols. each.

But that your readers may have an idea of the exact manner in which things are done, I append a couple of pages of the catalogue used on this occasion, which you can print *verbatim* :—

99, Kate’s John, 30 ; rice, prime man.

100, Betsey, 29 ; rice, unsound.

101, Kate, 6.

102, Violet, 3 months. Sold for 510 dols. each.

103, Wooster, 45 ; rice hand and fair mason.

104, Mary, 40 ; cotton hand. Sold for 300 dols. each.

105, Commodore Bob, aged ; rice hand.

106, Kate, aged ; cotton.

107, Linda, 19, cotton, prime young woman.

108, Joe, 13 ; rice, prime boy. Sold for 600 dols. each.

109, Bob, 30 ; rice.

110, Mary, 25 ; rice, prime woman. Sold for 1,135 dols. each.

111, Anson, 49 ; rice, ruptured, one eye.

112, Violet, 55 ; rice hand. Sold for 250 dols. each.

113, Allen Jeffrey, 46 ; rice hand and sawyer in steam mill.

114, Sikey, 43 ; rice hand.

115, Watty, 5 ; infirm legs. Sold for 520 dols. each.

116, Rina, 18 ; rice, prime young woman.

117, Lena, 1. Sold for 640 dols each.

118, Pompey, 31 ; rice, lame in one foot.

119, Kitty, 30 ; rice, prime woman.

120, Pompey, jun., 10 ; prime boy.

121, John, 7.

122, Noble, 1 ; boy. Sold for 580 dols. each.

341, Goin, 39 ; rice hand.

342, Cassandra, 35 ; cotton hand, has fits.

343, Emeline, 19 ; cotton, prime young woman.

344, Judy, 11 ; cotton, prime girl. Sold for 400 dols. each.

345, Dorcas, 17 ; cotton, prime woman.

346, Joe, 8 months. Sold for 1,200 dols. each.

347, Tom, 22 ; cotton hand. Sold for 1,260 dols.

348, Judge Will, 55 ; rice hand. Sold for 325 dols.

349, Lowden, 54, cotton hand.

350, Hagar, 50 ; cotton hand.

351, Lowden, 15 ; cotton, prime boy.

352, Silas, 13 ; cotton, prime boy.

353, Letitia, 11 ; cotton, prime girl. Sold for 300 dols. each.

354, Fielding, 21 ; cotton, prime young man.

355, Abel, 19 ; cotton, prime young man. Sold for 1,295 dols. each.

356, Smith's Bill, aged ; sore leg.

357, Leah, 46 ; cotton hand.

358, Sally, 9. Withdrawn.

359, Adam, 24 ; rice, prime man.

360, Charlotte, 22 ; rice, prime woman.

361, Leah, 1. Sold for 750 dols each.

362, Maria, 47 ; rice hand.

363, Luna, 22 ; rice, prime woman.

364, Clementina, 17 ; rice, prime young woman. Sold for 950 dols. each.

365, Tom, 48 ; rice hand.

366, Harriet, 41 ; rice hand.

367, Wanney, 19 ; rice hand, prime young man.

368, Deborah, 6.

369, Infant, 3 months. Sold for 700 dols. each.

THE BUYERS.

It seemed as if every shade of character capable of being implicated in the sale of human flesh and blood was represented among the buyers.

There was the Georgia fast young man, with his pantaloons tucked into his boots, his velvet cap jauntily dragged over to one side, his cheek full of tobacco, which he bites from a huge plug, that resembles more than anything else an old bit of a rusty waggon tire, and who is altogether an animal of quite a different breed from your New York fast man. His ready revolver, or his convenient

4

knife, is ready for instant use in case of a heated argument.

White-neck-clothed, gold-spectacled, and silver-haired old men were there, resembling in appearance that noxious breed of sanctimonious deacons we have at the North, who are perpetually leaving documents at your door that you never read, and the business of whose mendicant life it is to eternally solicit subscriptions for charitable associations of which they are treasurers.

These gentry, with quiet step and subdued voice, moved carefully about among the live stock, ignoring, as a general rule, the men, but tormenting the women with questions, which, when accidentally overheard by the disinterested spectator, bred in that spectator's mind an irresistible desire to knock somebody down.

And then all imaginable varieties of rough backwoods rowdies, who began the day in a dispirited manner, but who, as its hours progressed, and their practice at the bar became more prolific in re-

sults, waxed louder, and talkier, and more violent, were present, and added a characteristic feature to the assemblage.

Those of our readers who have read *Uncle Tom*—and who has not?—will remember, with peculiar feelings, Legree, the slave-driver and woman-whipper, That that character is not overdrawn or too highly coloured, there is abundant testimony. Witness the subjoined dialogue :—

A party of men were conversing on the fruitful subject of managing refractory “niggers.” Some were for severe whipping ; some recommended branding ; one or two advocated other modes of torture ; but one huge brute of a man, who had not taken an active part in the discussion, save to assent with approving nod to any unusual barbarous proposition, at last broke his silence by saying, in an oracular way—

“ You may say what you like about managing niggers ; I’m a driver myself, and I’ve had some experience, and I

ought to know. You can manage ordinary niggers by lickin' 'em and givin' 'em a taste of the hot iron once in a while when they are extra ugly ; but if a nigger really sets himself up against me, I can't never have any patience with him. I just get my pistol and shoot him right down ; and that's the best way."

And this brute was talking to gentlemen, and his remarks were listened to with attention, and his assertions assented to by more than one in the knot of listeners.

THE SOLD.

But all this time the sale was going on, and the merry Mr. Walsh, with many a quip and jest, was beguiling the time when the bidding was slow.

The expression on the faces of all who stepped on the block was always the same, and told of more anguish than is in the power of words to express. Blighted homes, crushed hopes, and broken hearts was the sad story to be read in all the anxious faces.

Some of them regarded the sale with perfect indifference, never making a motion save to turn from one side to the other at the word of the dapper Mr. Bryan, that all the crowd might have a fair view of their proportions, and then, when the sale was accomplished, stepped down from the block without caring to cast even a look at the buyer, who now held all their happiness in his hands.

Others, again, strained their eyes with eager glances from one buyer to another, as the bidding went on, trying with earnest attention to follow the rapid voice of the auctioneer.

Sometimes two persons only would be bidding for the same chattel, all the others having resigned the contest, and then the poor creature on the block, conceiving an instantaneous preference for one of the buyers over the other, would regard the rivalry with the intensest interest, the expression of his face changing with every bid, settling into a half smile of joy if the favourite buyer persevered

unto the end and secured the property, and settling down into a look of hopeless despair if the other won the victory.

DAPHNE'S BABY.

The family of Primus, plantation carpenter, which consisted of Daphne, his wife, with her young baby, and Dido, a girl of three years old, were reached in due course of time.

Daphne had a large shawl, which she kept carefully wrapped round her infant and herself. This unusual proceeding attracted much attention and provoked many remarks, such as these :—

“What do you keep your nigger covered up for ? Pull off her blanket.”

“What’s the matter with the gal? Has she got the headache?”

“What’s the fault of the gal? Ain’t she sound? Pull off her rags and let us see her.”

“Who’s going to bid on that nigger if you keep her covered up? Let’s see her face.”

And a loud chorus of similar remarks, emphasized with loud profanity, and mingled with sayings too indecent and too obscene to be even hinted at here, went up from the crowd of chivalrous Southern gentlemen.

At last the auctioneer obtained a hearing long enough to explain that there was no attempt to practice any deception in the case—the parties were not to be wronged in any way; he had no desire to palm off on them an inferior article, but the truth of the matter was that Daphne had been confined only fifteen days ago, and he thought that on that account she was entitled to the slight in-

dulgence of a blanket, to keep from herself and child the chill air and driving rain.

Will our lady readers look at the circumstances of this case? The day was the 2nd day of March. Daphne's baby was born into the world on St. Valentine's happy day, the 14th of February.

Since her confinement, Daphne had travelled from the plantation to Savannah, where she had been kept in a shed for six days.

On the sixth or seventh day after her sickness she had left her bed, taken a railroad journey across the country to the shambles, was there exposed for six days to the questionings and insults of the negro speculators, and then, on the 15th day after her confinement, was put up on the block with her husband and her other child, and with her new-born baby in her arms was sold to the highest bidder.

It was very considerate in Daphne to *be sick* before the sale, for her wailing

babe was worth to Mr. Butler all of 100 dols. The family sold for 625 dols. a piece, or 2,500 dols. for the four.

The next was a couple not quite a year married, and were down in the catalogue as "prime."

They had no children yet. Mary, with a reprehensible lack of that tender interest in Mr. Butler's affairs that had been exhibited in so eminent a degree by Daphne, had disappointed that worthy man's expectations, and the baby as yet was not. But Bob and Mary sold for 1,135 dollars a piece for all that.

BABIES.

In another instance, Margaret, the wife of Doctor George, who was confined on the 16th February, though the name of herself and family were inserted in the catalogue, did not come to the sale, and consequently they were not disposed of at all.

As Margaret's baby was four days old at the time she was required to start on her journey to Savannah, we can only look at her refusal to go as a most culpable instance of perversity.

Margaret should be whipped and

branded, and otherwise kindly admonished of her great sin in thus disappointing the reasonable expectations of so kind a master. But Mr. Butler bore with her in a truly Christian spirit, and uttered no reproach, in public at least.

It was the more unkind of Margaret, too, because there were six in the family, who would have brought 4,000 dollars, and all were detained from the sale by the contumacy of misguided Margaret.

While on the subject of babies, it may be mentioned that Aunty, chattel No. 316, wife of Prince, chattel No. 315, had testified her earnest desire to contribute all in her power to the worldly wealth of her master, by bringing into the world, at one time, chattels No. 317 and 318, being a fine pair of twin boys, just a year old.

It is not in evidence that Aunty received from her master any testimonial of his appreciating her good behaviour on this occasion; but it is certain that she brought a great price—Prince,

Aunty, and the two twins selling for 670 dollars a piece, or being a total of 2,680 dollars.

Many babies, of all ages of babyhood, were sold, but there was nothing particularly interesting about them. There were some thirty babies in the lot ; they are esteemed worth to the master 100 dollars the day they were born, and to increase in value at the rate of 100 dollars a-year till they are sixteen or seventeen years old, at which age they bring the best price.

THE LOVES OF JEFFEREY AND
DORCAS.

JEFFREY, chattel No. 319, marked as a "prime cotton hand," aged 23 years, was put up. Jeffrey being a likely lad, the competition was high. The first bid was 1,100 dollars, and he was finally sold for 1,310 dollars.

Jeffrey was sold alone; he had no incumbrance in the shape of an aged father or mother, who must necessarily be sold with him; nor had he had any children, for Jeffrey was not married. But Jeffrey, chattel No. 319, being human in his affections, had dared to cherish a love for Dorcas, chattel No. 278;

and Dorcas, not having the fear of her master before her eyes, had given her heart to Jeffrey.

Whether what followed was a just retribution on Jeffrey and Dorcas for daring to take such liberty with their master's property as to exchange hearts, or whether it only goes to prove that, with black as with white, the saying holds, that "course of true love never did run smooth," cannot now be told. Certain it is that these two lovers were not to realize the consummation of their hopes in happy wedlock.

Jeffrey and Dorcas had told their loves, had exchanged their simple vows, and were betrothed; each to the other as dear, and each by the other as fondly loved as though their skins had been of fairer colour. And who shall say that, in the sight of Heaven and before all the holy angels, these two humble hearts were not as closely wedded as any two of the prouder race that call them slaves?

Be that as it may, Jeffrey was sold.

He finds out his new master ; and, hat in hand, the big tears standing in his eyes, and his voice trembling with emotion, he stands before that master and tells his simple story, praying that his betrothed may be bought with him. Though his voice trembles, there is no embarrassment in his manner ; his fears have killed all the bashfulness that would naturally attend such a recital to a stranger, and before unsympathizing witnesses ; he feels that he is pleading for the happiness of her he loves, as well as for his own, and his tale is told in a frank and manly way.

“ I loves Dorcas, young mas'r, I loves her well and true ; she says she loves me, and I know she does. De good Lord knows I loves her better than I loves any one in de wide world—never can love another woman half so well. Please buy Dorcas, mas'r. We're be good servants to you as long as we live. We're be married right soon, young mas'r, and the chillun will be healthy and strong, mas'r, and dey'll be good servants, too, mas'r. Please buy Dorcas,

young mas'r. We loves each a heap ; do, really, true, mas'r."

Jeffrey then remembers that no loves and hopes of his are to enter into the bargain at all ; but in the earnestness of his love he has forgotten to base his plea on other ground till now, when he be-thinks him and continues, with his voice not trembling now, save with eagerness to prove how worthy of many dollars is the maiden of his heart :—

" Young mas'r, Dorcas prime woman— A l woman sa. Tall gal, sa ; long arms, strong, healthy, and can do a heap of work in a day. She is one of de best rice hands on de whole plantation ; worth 1,200 dols. easy, mas'r, an' fus'-rate bargain at that."

The man seemed touched by Jeffrey's last remarks, and bid him fetch out his " gal, and let's see what she looks like."

Jeffrey goes into the long room, and presently returns with Dorcas, looking very sad and self-possessed, without a

particle of embarrassment at the trying position in which she is placed. She makes the accustomed curtesy, and stands meekly, with her hands clasped across her bosom waiting the result.

The buyer regards her with a critical eye, and growls in a low voice that the "gal has good p'int's."

Then he goes on to a more minute and careful examination of her working abilities. He turns her round, makes her stoop and walk ; and then he takes off her turban to look at her head that no wound or disease be concealed by the gay handkerchief ; he looks at her teeth, and feels her arms, and at last announces himself pleased with the result of his observations ; whereat Jeffrey, who has stood near, trembling with eager hope, is overjoyed, and he smiles for the first time.

The buyer then crowns Jeffrey's happiness by making a promise that he will buy her if the price isn't run up too high. And the two lovers step aside and congratulate each other on their good for-

tune. But Dorcas is not to be sold till the next day, and there are twenty-four long hours of feverish expectation.

Early next morning is Jeffrey alert, and, hat in hand, encouraged to unusual freedom by the greatness of the stake for which he plays, he addresses every buyer, and, of all who will listen, he begs the boon of a word to be spoken to his new master to encourage him to buy Dorcas. And all the long morning he speaks in his homely way with all who know him that they will intercede to save his sweetheart from being sold away from him for ever.

No one has the heart to deny a word of promise and encouragement to the poor fellow, and, joyous with so much kindness, his hopes and spirits gradually rise, until he feels almost certain that the wish of his heart will be accomplished. And Dorcas, too, is smiling, for is not Jeffrey's happiness her own ?

At last comes the trying moment, and Dorcas steps up on the stand. But now

a most unexpected feature in the drama is for the first time unmasked : Dorcas is not to be sold alone, but with a family of four others.

Full of dismay, Jeffrey looks to his master, who shakes his head ; for, although he might be induced to buy Dorcas alone, he has no use for the rest of the family. Jeffrey reads his doom in his master's look, and turns away, the tears streaming down his honest face.

So Dorcas is sold, and her toiling life is to be spent in the cotton fields of South Carolina, while Jeffrey goes to the rice plantations of the great swamp.

And tomorrow Jeffrey and Dorcas are to say their tearful farewell, and go their separate ways in life, to meet no more as mortal beings !

But didn't Mr. Pierce Butler give them a silver dollar a-piece ? Who shall say there is no magnanimity in slave-owners ?

In another hour I see Dorcas, in the long room, sitting motionless as a statue, with her head covered with a shawl ; and I see Jeffrey, who goes to his new master, pulls off his hat, and says, "I'se very much obliged, mas'r, to you for tryin' to help me. I knows you would have done it if you could—thank you, mas'r—thank you—but—it's—berry—hard." And here the poor fellow breaks down entirely, and walks away, covering his face with his battered hat, and sobbing like a very child.

He is soon surrounded by a group of his coloured friends, who with an instinctive delicacy most unlooked for, stand quiet, and with uncovered heads about him.

Anson and Violet, chattels Nos. 111 and 112, were sold for 250 dols. each, both being old, and Anson being down in the catalogue as "ruptured, and as having but one eye." Violet was sold as being sick. Her disease was probably consumption, which supposition gave rise

to the following conversation between two buyers :—

“ Cheap gal that, Major.”

“ Don’t think so. They may talk about her being sick ; it’s no easy sickness she’s got. She’s got consumption, and the man that buys her’ll have to be a doctorin’ her all the time, and she’ll die in less than three months. I won’t have any thing to do with her—don’t want any half-dead niggers about me.”

Guy, chattel No. 419, “ a prime young man,” sold for 1,280 dols., being without blemish ; his age was 20 years, and he was altogether a fine article.

His next door neighbour, Andrew, chattel No. 420, was his very counterpart in all remarkable points—in size, age, skill, and everything save that he had lost his right eye. Andrew sold for only 1,040 dols., from which we argue that the market value of the right eye in the Southern country is 240 dols.

When the family of Mungo, consisting of his wife, two sons, and a daughter, was called for, it was announced by the auctioneer that chattel No. 322, Dembo, the eldest son, aged 20, had, the evening before, procured the services of a minister and been joined in wedlock to chattel No. 404, Frances, and that he should be compelled to put up the bride and groom in one lot.

They were called up, and, as was to be expected, their appearance was the signal for a volley of coarse jokes from the auctioneer, and of ribald remarks from the surrounding crowd. The newly-married pair bore it bravely, although one refined gentleman took hold of Frances' lips and pulled them apart to see her age.

This sort of thing it is that makes Northern blood boil, and Northern fists clinch with a laudable desire to hit somebody. It was almost too much for endurance to stand and see those brutal slave-drivers pushing the women about, pulling their lips apart with their not too

cleanly hands, and committing many other indecent acts, while the husbands, fathers, and brothers of those women were compelled to witness these things, without the power to resent the outrage.

Dembo and Frances were at last struck off for 1,320 dols. each, and went to spend their honeymoon on a cotton plantation in Alabama.

THE CASE OF JOSHUA'S MOLLY.



The auctioneer brought up Joshua's Molly and family. He announced that Molly insisted that she was lame in her foot, and perversely would walk lame, although, for his part, he did not believe a word of it. He had caused her to be examined by an eminent physician in Savannah, which medical light had declared that Joshua's Molly was not lame, but was only shamming. However, the gentlemen must judge for themselves, and bid accordingly.

So Molly was put through her paces, and compelled to trot up and down along

the stage, to go up and down the steps, and to exercise her feet in various ways, but always with the same result ; the left foot would be lame. She was finally sold for 695 dols.

Whether she really was lame or not no one knows but herself ; but it must be remembered that to a slave, a lameness, or anything that decreases his market value, is a thing to be rejoiced over.

A man in the prime of life, worth 1,600 dols. or thereabouts, can have little hope of ever being able, by any little savings of his own, to purchase his liberty. But let him have a rupture, or lose a limb, or sustain any other injury that renders him of much less service to his owner, and reduces his value to 300 or 400 dols, and he may hope to accumulate that sum, and eventually to purchase his liberty.

Freedom without health is infinitely sweeter than health without freedom.

And so the great sale went on for two long days, during which time there were

sold 429 men, women, and children. There were 436 announced to be sold, but a few were detained on the plantations by sickness.

At the close of the sale, on the last day, several baskets of champagne were produced, and all were invited to partake, the wine being at the expense of the broker, Mr. Bryan.

The total amount of the sale footed up 303,850 dols.—the proceeds of the first day being 161,480 dols., and of the second day 142,370 dols.

The highest sum paid for any one family was given for Sally Walker and her five children, who were mostly grown up. The price was 6,180 dols.

The highest price paid for a single man was 1,750 dols., which was given for William, a “fair carpenter and caulker.”

The highest price paid for a woman was 1,250 dols., which was given for

Jane, "cotton hand and house servant."

The lowest price paid was for Anson and Violet, a grey-haired couple, each having numbered more than 50 years; they brought but 250 dols. a-piece.

After the sale, to every negro he had sold Mr. Pierce M. Butler gave a dollar.

**MR. PIERCE M. BUTLER GIVES HIS
PEOPLE A DOLLAR A-PIECE.**

LEAVING the Race buildings, where the scenes we have described took place, a crowd of negroes were seen gathered eagerly about a man in their midst. That man was Mr. Pierce M. Butler, of the free city of Philadelphia, who was solacing the wounded hearts of the people he had sold from their firesides and their homes by doleing out to them small change at the rate of a dollar a-head.

To every negro he had sold, who presented his claim for the paltry pittance, he gave the magnificent stipend of one

dollar in specie ; he being provided with two canvas bags of 25-cent. pieces, fresh from the mint, to give additional glitter to his munificent generosity.

As the last family stepped down from the block, for the first time in four days the rain ceased, the clouds broke away, and the soft sunlight fell on the scene.

The unhappy slaves had many of them been already removed, and others were departing with their new masters.

That night not a steamer left that southern port, not a train of cars sped away from that cruel city, that did not bear each its own sad burden of these unhappy ones, whose only crime is that they are not strong and wise. Some of them maimed and wounded, some scarred and gashed by accident, or by the hands of the ruthless drivers—all sad—sad and sorrowful as human hearts can be.

But the stars shone out as brightly as if such things had never been—the blushing fruit-trees poured their fragrance on

the evening air, and the scene was as calmly sweet and quiet as if man had never marred the glorious beauty of earth by deeds of cruelty and wrong.

All nature was as wondrously beautiful and glorious as in that earlier day when "all the sons of God shouted for joy and the morning stars sang together," and the burden of that celestial song was "Freedom to Mankind."

APPENDIX.

From *The Times*, April 18:—

“Whenever we meet with an American gentleman, and the conversation happens to turn on the subject of negro slavery, he is sure to inform us with much vehemence that Mrs. Stowe’s novel was absurd, exaggerated, inspired by the rabid abolitionist fanaticism of a small sect, and unworthy the credit of impartial men.

“It is most unjust, he will say, for an author to string together a series of atrocities and give it as a picture of life in an actual society. What if even each of the horrors related by Mrs. Stowe had had a counterpart in actual history? Such

isolated misdeeds might be collected by searching the annals of the Southern States for a series of years, but to bring them together and to present them as the ordinary accompaniments of slaveholding, is manifestly an abuse of fiction.

“ There is something in this argument, and we are therefore glad when history lets in its own sober light on the details of life in the South.

“ As a general rule, there is no better clue to the civilization which prevails from Virginia to Texas than the advertisements in an ordinary Southern newspaper, headed “ Negroes ! Negroes ! ! ” or “ Cash for Negroes ! ” or describing a runaway slave, each advertisement attracting attention by a little woodcut of a negro prefixed to it, after the fashion of a shipping advertisement in a Liverpool or Hull paper.

“ But it is a long time since we have seen anything which, to use the phrase of the day, photographed the slave-dealing system so completely as the description

which we printed yesterday of a large sale of slaves at Savannah, Georgia.

“The whole melancholy drama of slave life is displayed before the reader ; from the ruin of the speculative southern gentleman, whose hereditary estate must be sold for the benefit of New York creditors, to the dispersion of the slaves among other masters, some petty grasping tyrants, very different from the old caste of which the South still continues to be proud, though with less reason than formerly.

The “Old Major Butler estates” descended to two sons of that wealthy gentleman, whose property was invested in rice and cotton plantations. One of these, Mr. Pierce Butler, a gentleman once well known in London, is a citizen of the Free State of Pennsylvania, an inhabitant of the most respectable city of Philadelphia ; and, though we know from the constant reiteration of Americans that the Free States have nothing at all to do with slavery, and are in no way responsible for the guilt of the Southern

members of the Confederacy, yet Mr. Pierce Butler, of Philadelphia, owned 436 men, women, children, and infants, being half of the negro stock remaining on the Old Major Butler Plantations, which fell to the heirs of that estate.

“ Losses in the grand crash of 1857-8 and other exigencies of business compelled Mr. Pierce Butler to realize his southern investments to satisfy his most pressing creditors.

“ Accordingly, the 436 men, women, and children are brought by railroad from the rice plantation, not far from the ‘ Great Okefenokee Swamp,’ and the Sea Island cotton plantation off the Georgian coast, both most advantageously situated properties for the growth of their respective produce.

“ The Negroes of an old patriarchal plantation are well described—no light Mulattoes in the whole stock ; very small admixture of European blood anywhere ; most of the Negroes of the native African blackness. Major Butler at least did not

work young men and women so fair in features that, to any but a quick Southern eye, they might pass for white. They were all field hands, regular plantation negroes; well treated, as might be expected on a rich old gentleman's estate, but "put through," as Mr. Legree would say, in crop time; so that occasionally they broke up at thirty years of age, or thereabouts.

"Now, without following the writer into any sentimentalities, we may be permitted to regret that such sales as are here described are likely to become more frequent every year. The break-up of the old planter aristocracy, the treatment of the negro less and less as a dependent, and more and more as a chattel, the growing indifference to negro life, which extends itself to an indifference to all other life, are signs which do not promise a very cheering future.

"Enterprise has invaded the South; and though the wealth of the States and of the whole world is enhanced by it, the unfortunate instruments of this prosperity

must suffer that others may gain. New men, of rougher texture and more mercenary aims, succeed the planters of the old school, who have something of the faults of Irish proprietors, being generally a year or two behind hand in their dealings with the merchants, and often obliged to realise their investments for the benefit of their creditors, though not by an auction on the scale of Mr. Pierce Butler's. Slave-holding, like every other distinction, threatens to become democratic ; there will be more masters, each with fewer negroes, and we fear the consequence will be harder work for each, and a greater number to be described like one of Mr. Butler's hands—'Anson, 49, rice, ruptured, one eye.'

" The Negroes were sold on favourable terms for purchasers.

" One-third cash, the remainder payable in two equal annual instalments, bearing interest from the day of sale, to be secured by approved mortgage and personal security, or approved acceptances on Savannah, Ga., or Charles-


ton, S. C. Purchasers to pay for papers.

“ So the biddings were good. Prime young men went for 1,200 to 1,300 dols. ; prime young women 700 to 900 dols. ; old men and children 300 to 500 dols. each ; babies 100 dols.

“ At Savannah, it seems, they do not sell these last by the pound.

“ But it is as easy as it is useless to get indignant over the details of a negro sale, and the phraseology of the trade. Let us rather see whether there are not some redeeming features in it, which gives a hope that, while slavery is extending its area and deepening its character, some germs of good may be springing up.

“ The best point about this sale is that the families were not separated. The Philadelphian Mr. Butler made this concession to the feelings of those among whom he lived. The old men and women were sold with their grown up progeny, the husbands with their wives, and the



little children with their parents. The writer hints that by this means more was made out of the stock ; but we are willing to believe that it is the result of a dawning conscientiousness among the masters.

“ The scenes which took place at every auction, when negroes were ruthlessly separated, the remonstrances of the North and of the world in general, and the efforts of some of the clergy, in whom the spirit of Christianity has not been entirely quenched by the habit of looking on blacks as inferior beings, have led to the practice of selling the families as much as possible together, and the slave-owners of late have taken no little credit for their progress in humanity. But this is the only element which at all palliates the sad and degrading spectacle. If any one wishes to see how low the white man may be brought by unlimited power to use human beings for gain, let him read the lifelike description of the Southern planters, and see into what a class the increase of the cotton trade has changed the gentlemen of the Carolinas and Georgia.”

The above article elucidated the following corroborative testimony :—

SLAVERY IN THE UNITED STATES.

To the Editor of the "Times."

"Sir,—In attempting to find some redeeming features in the details of the negro sale in Georgia, you think you discover in the fact that families were not separated, a concession made by Mr. Butler to the feelings of the good people of Philadelphia. I doubt it, and, inasmuch as truth is what we all want about slavery as it exists in the Southern States of the Union, I will give you my reasons why I do so.

"In the year 1842 I was present at a larger sale of negroes than this of Mr. Pierce Butler, held in Charleston, South Carolina. The noticeable points of that sale to me, a Northerner, were :

"First, that in no single instance, without the urgent request of the negroes themselves, were families separated.

"Second, that when this did occur, as in one case, where 'Betsey' cried to leave her father and mother, and be sold with her lover 'Sam,' and in another, where 'White Mary,' a sempstress, aged seventeen, desired to be sold by herself to a person residing in town, it was always a concession made to the feelings of the slave.

"Third, that the respectable part of the slave-owners, whether residing in city or country, even when desirous of purchasing, did not attend the sale, but effected their purpose through licensed brokers.

"In what I doubt not, therefore, are the truthful details of the Butler Sale, I do not see the evidence that 'germs of good' are springing up from the soil of slavery.

"The queer part of every such sale is seen in the continuous effort of the person being sold to depreciate his own value.

"'Here's a prime nigger,' commences

the auctioneer, as 'Joe' is brought up on the platform by his side.

"Ain't a prime nigger," responds 'Joe,' in an equally loud voice.

"Not noticing the interruption, the auctioneer, referring to his schedule, again offers the man for sale, 'A sound, first-rate field hand. What will you bid, gentlemen?'

"'Ain't a sound, first-rate field hand,' again responds Joe.

"'Why, what's the matter with you Joe?' asks a buyer, who has in vain sought to find defects in Joe's muscular arms and brawny legs.

"'Oh, me have great pains in me back, massa; me no able to work hard.'

"And so, without a solitary exception, through the entire sale, there went on statement and counter statement between the seller and the being sold, whether

man or woman, field hand or house servant.

“ ‘ Here’s a fine wench.’ ”

“ ‘ Ain’t a fine wench.’ ”

“ ‘ Here’s a nice boy for your money, gentlemen.’ ”

“ ‘ Ain’t a nice boy for your money, gentlemen.’ ”

“ Puzzled to understand the motive for this self-depreciation, I inquired of a bystander, who explained that the slave stood in value to his master proportionate to his cost, and that, costing but 600 dol., he would be expected to do less work than if he had cost 800 or 1,000 dols. A fine illustration of this occurred at the moment of my inquiry in an old, white-headed, apparently infirm negro, who seemed so decrepit that he had to be lifted on to the platform, and who stood bending on his staff, pitiable beyond description.

“Murmurs of mingled disapprobation and compassion began to arise among the buyers, such as, ‘It’s a shame to sell him!’ ‘Oh! that’s too bad,’ when the auctioneer appealingly said,

“‘What am I to do, gentlemen? He’s here on the list!’ and then, as if desirous to get the old fellow out of sight,— ‘Will none of you give anything for poor old Peter?’ when an offer of five dollars came from the back of the crowd, and his hammer went down.

“No sooner were the words ‘Sold to Mr. Smith for five dollars’ out of the auctioneer’s mouth than Peter, who, though an old man, was neither infirm, nor decrepit, nor bent, leaped from the platform to the ground, and, in the midst of the roars of laughter, forced his way to his new master, feeling his lawful claim to be a ‘lazy nigger’ for the rest of his life. D.”

From the *Daily Telegraph* of April 13th.

“In the sunny Southern States of

America there resided, many years since, a certain wealthy planter known as 'old Major Butler.' He, in the fulness of time dying, left property valued at one million of dollars, the greater part consisting in rice and cotton plantations, and the slaves existing thereon.

" His immense fortune was inherited by his two sons, one of whom subsequently died, leaving, moreover, a widow ; the second, Mr. Pierce M. Butler, still lives and resides in the free State of Pennsylvania.

" This gentleman happening to fall into difficulties, ostensibly occasioned by the grand financial crash of 1857-8, it became expedient that he should 'realise on his southern investments,' in order to satisfy his most pressing creditors, represented by 'General Cadwallader'—in other words, that he should sell his slaves.

" Accordingly, by virtue of an arrangement with the co-heiress, his brother's widow, a partition of the estate and negro

stock was made ; and at the beginning of last month the ' lot ' of human chattels belonging to Mr. Pierce M. Butler, of free Philadelphia, and numbering 436 men, women, children, and infants, were brought to the hammer.

" This magnificent sale of humanity by auction took place at the ' Racecourse,' near the city of Savannah. It was, the columns of the *New York Tribune* informs us, the largest sale that had been known for some years ; in fact, it may be said to have ' whipped hollow ' such sales as those of the Stowe and Soulages collection. The George Robins of the occasion who ascended the rostrum or ' stand ' was a Mr. Walsh ; and another business gentleman concerned in the transaction was ' Joseph Bryan, Negro Broker.'

" This general flesh and blood sale had been the all-engrossing talk in Savannah for some days. The office of the ' negro broker ' had been besieged by slave traffickers anxious for information, and inquiring whether their securities would be acceptable ; for the terms announced

were, 'one-third cash, the remainder payable in two equal annual instalments, bearing interest from the day of sale, to be secured by approved mortgages or personal security, or acceptances. Purchasers to pay for papers.'

"The excitement became tremendous as the day of sale drew near. The hotels and bar-rooms were crowded with negro speculators from the Carolinas, Virginia, Louisiana, and Alabama. These buyers are described as 'rough, slangy, profane, and bearish;' but they so far conceded to the amenities of life as to make up little parties of pleasure every day to the Racecourse, distant some three miles from the city, to inspect the human chattels, run over their points, and make memoranda for their guidance on the day of sale.

"It appears that the breaking up of an old family estate is a somewhat uncommon occurrence; and the fact of the bringing to sale a lot of negroes belonging to so famous a demesne as that which bordered the great Okefonokee Swamp

was sufficient to account for the unusual interest excited by the sale of Mr. Pierce M. Butler's 'chattels.'

"Among the miserable creatures thus to be bandied about were coopers, carpenters, shoemakers, and blacksmiths; and it is a noticeable circumstance that there were no light mulattoes among the Butler stock—the majority even were not so much as a shade removed from the original Congo blackness.

"'Degenerate Anglo-Saxon blood' is held, we perceive, to 'defile' the pure negro, in whom, in the eyes of negro buyers, too liberal an infusion of the blood of the dominant race is apt to bring a larger intelligence, a more vigorous brain, which anon grows restless under the yoke, and is prone to enquire into the definitions of the word Liberty and the meaning of the star-sprangled banner.

"None of these slaves had been sold before. *They had been born on the Butler plantation.*

“ On their arrival at Savannah they were taken to the Racecourse, and huddled pell-mell into the sheds erected for the accommodation of the ‘ ladies and gentlemen ’ attending the races.

“ Here, crouching on the floor, or on the bundles containing their scant rags of clothing, with tin dishes and gourds for their food and drink—in wretched lairs, scarcely fit for brute beasts to lie in the night before slaughter, these human derelicts moaned and sighed, or, in their pitiable gibberish, discussed the chances of their future fate.

“ The men were swathed in odds and ends of clothing ; the material of all coarse, of many ragged.

“ The women made some rude attempts at finery, some wearing a few tawdry beads, and others head-dresses of handkerchiefs of gay colours, twisted turban fashion.

“ The children were of all sizes, *the youngest being fifteen days* old. In the

long show-room, where all the slaves were congregated on the day of sale, these babies swarmed. They climbed up the legs of their buyers, or 'hung to them like crabs;' they crawled away from their mothers, and tumbled down under the feet of the visitors. 'They didn't object to be knocked down, or rolled over, or being pitched across the room, or any trifle of that sort; but it seemed to disconcert them to step on their fingers.' Strange that negro babies should have any sense of pain in those little sable digits of theirs!

"The slaves remained at this Race-course, some for more than a week, and all of them for four days previous to the sale. They slept how they could; their food consisted of rice and beans, with occasionally a morsel of bacon.

"During these preliminary days the sheds were continually visited by the 'pleasure parties' of speculators, who pulled open their mouths to see their teeth, punched their ribs, pinched their limbs, walked them up and down to see

if they had any signs of lameness, making them stoop or bend in order to ascertain if they were afflicted with any organic disease, and torturing them with questions relative to their capabilities and accomplishments.

“These humiliations were submitted to with resignation and even cheerfulness, particularly when the slave imagined, from the appearance of the person inspecting him, that he was likely to prove a kind ‘mas’r.’

“Thus, in one notable instance, ‘Elisha,’ chattel No. 5 in the catalogue, had taken a fancy to a benevolent-looking, middle-aged gentleman, and thus used his powers of persuasion to induce him to purchase him, with his wife, boy and girl, Molly, Israel, and Seranda. He made no appeal to the feelings of the buyer ; he rested no hope on his charity or kindness ; but only strove to show how well worth his dollars were the bone and blood he was entreating him to buy.

“ ‘ Look at me, mas’r ; am prime rice-

planter ; sho' you won't find a better man den me ; no better on de whole plantation ; not a bit old yet ; do mo' work den ever ; better buy me, mas'r ; I'se be good servant, mas'r. Molly, too, my wife, Sa, fus rate rice-hand, mos' as good as me. Stan' out yer, Molly, and let the gen'lm'n see. Show mas'r your arm, Molly ; teeth all reglar, all good ; she'm young gal yet. Come out yer, you Israel ; walk aroun' and let the gen'lm'n see how spry you be.'

"Then pointing to the three-year-old girl, who stood with her chubby hand to her mouth, the other holding on to her mother's dress, and uncertain what to make of the strange scene—

" ' Little Vandy's on'y a chile yet ; make prime gal by-and-by. Better buy us, mas'r ; we'm fus rate bargain.'

"But the benevolent gentleman found where he could drive a closer purchase, and so bought somebody else.

"It is to be observed, moreover, that,

although the women were subjected to the same disgusting examination and series of interrogation as the men, they never spoke to the buyers unless spoken to, and then made the conference as short as possible, and that, throughout the insults which they endured, they conducted themselves with the utmost decorum and self-respect.

“The ideas entertained respecting them may be gathered by an inquiry as to whether a certain Major was likely to buy ‘Shoemaker Bill’s Sally.’ It was ‘guessed not,’ as, though Sally was a ‘big strapping gal,’ who could do ‘a heap of work,’ it was five years since she had had any children, and it was reckoned she had ‘done breeding.’

“At length the eventful day of sale arrived ; Mr. Pierce Butler appearing in the long shed among his people, speaking to each one, and being recognized with seeming pleasure by all. Occasionally, as a mark of special condescension, and to a very old and favourite servant, Mr. Butler *could extend his gloved hand* ; and it

must be recorded to the eternal credit of this great and good slave-holder, that, when the sale was over, to every negro he had sold, Mr. Pierce M. Butler gave as a gratuity the magnificent sum of one dollar.

“The sale lasted two whole days. Four hundred and twenty-nine were sold, the residue being detained on the plantation by sickness.

“At the close of the proceedings several baskets of champagne were produced, and all present—negroes excepted, we presume—were invited to partake; the expense of “liquoring up” being borne by the negro broker, Mr. Bryan.

“The total amount of the sale ‘footed up’ 303,850 dols., the proceeds of the first day being 161,480 dols., and of the second 142,270 dols.

“The highest sum paid for any one family was for Sally Walker and her five children, who were mostly grown up. They fetched over six thousand dollars.

“The highest price paid for a single man was 1,250 dols. for William, a ‘fair carpenter and caulker.’

“The lowest price paid was for Anson and Violet, a grey-haired couple, each more than fifty years of age, who brought but 250 dols. a-piece.

“As to the treatment these chattels may expect from their new masters, a definite notion thereof may be formed from a conversation between a knot of speculators at the sale, who, discussing the fruitful subject of managing refractory ‘niggers,’ were some for severe whipping, some for branding, and some for other more refined modes of torture, till one huge brute said, in an oracular way : “You may talk as you like about managing niggers ; I’m a driver myself, and have had some experience. You may manage ordinary niggers by lickin’, and givin’ them a taste of the hot iron when extra ugly ; but if a nigger really sets him up against me, I just get my pistol and shoot him right down, *and that’s the best way.*’ The best way, indeed ! for a

sure and speedy death by the bullet must be infinitely preferable to a long dragged-out existence of unpaid, unthankful toil, misery, degradation, and torture.'

"We leave the entire responsibility of the truth of this narrative with the *New York Tribune*. On the authority of that journal we give it to our readers. We refrain from entering into an extended comment on the painful, the horrible, the most scandalous and disgraceful features, in the history of a civilised people, which it discloses.

"Either the history of the sale of Pierce M. Butler's slaves is a hoax as malevolent and as elaborate as Mr. Arrowsmith's famous fabrication about railways and revolvers in Georgia, or it is the most convincing proof that has yet been adduced of the fundamental truth of Mrs. Beecher Stowe's so-called fiction of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

"The gentlemen of the Southern States are very apt to sneer at that extraordinary novel as a tissue of mis-statements, ex-

aggrerations, and improbabilities ; but we question if the woes of Cassy and the crimes of Legree can equal in intensity of horror the business-like details of the sale of human flesh and blood on the Savannah Racecourse.

“ ‘ All men are born free and equal,’ says the American Declaration of Independence. At the outlay of a few more dollars, Mr. Pierce M. Butler could purchase say a hundred copies of that celebrated document, and present each adult, late one of his “ chattels,” with a copy. But we forget ; slaves are not allowed to learn to read.”

SLAVERY AND THE SLAVE TRADE.

SLAVERY is one of the heaviest calamities which, either in ancient or modern times, has afflicted and degraded the human race. Hence it has always been regarded with peculiar horror and detestation by enlightened and Christian men ; and great efforts have been made by them to remove it from the face of the earth. In this noble work they have been partially successful ; but yet much remains to be done before it can be accomplished.

In countries where slavery does not exist, and where its evils are consequently unseen and unfelt, much ignorance prevails both as to its nature and extent, and of the duty which is devolved on

those who enjoy the blessing of liberty themselves, to seek, by every peaceful and legitimate means, the freedom of others.

With a view of removing such ignorance, and awakening the sympathies and exertions of the free on behalf of the enslaved, the following facts, drawn from authentic sources, are submitted to their serious consideration.

Nearly four hundred years have elapsed since the system of modern slavery began. The race which has been principally subjected to its tyranny has been the African ; and the nations which have stood pre-eminent in guilt for the part they have taken for their enslavement are the English, the French, the Spanish, the Portuguese, and the Dutch in the Old World, and the North American and Brazilian in the New.

Of the unnumbered millions of Africans who have been torn from their native land to suffer and perish in North and South America and the West Indies, *few, comparatively speaking, exist.* They,

or their descendants, are thus distributed :—

Brazil	3,000,000
United States	2,780,000
Spanish and West India Colonies	800,000
French ditto.....	250,000
Dutch ditto.....	70,000
Danish ditto.....	30,000
	<hr/>
	6,930,000
	<hr/>

Besides this multitude of Africans held in slavery in North and South America and the West Indies, there is a considerable number of the same race held in bondage at the French, the Portuguese, and the Dutch settlements in Africa and Asia ; and if there be added to these those who still linger in slavery in the South American Republics, and both are joined to the number stated above, it is probable that the whole number of Africans and their descendants who are now

held in slavery by professedly Christian and civilised powers is **SEVEN MILLIONS !**

Feeling the deep iniquity of the slave-trade, and the dishonour of continuing so atrocious a traffic, various nations of Europe and America have pronounced it to be a crime punishable by the heaviest penalties, and have entered into treaties for its suppression.

Unhappily, however, some of those nations, especially Spain and Brazil, have taken no efficient steps for enforcing their own laws, or for fulfilling the stipulations of their treaties ; and the consequence is, that immense numbers of wretched negroes are annually torn from their homes by the ruthless slave-trader, to supply the active demand which exists in the slave-markets of Brazil and the Spanish islands of Cuba and Puerto Rico.

Upon the *most moderate* computation, the victims of the slave-trade amount, on an average, *per annum*, to *Three Hundred Thousand !* These are principally shipped from the eastern and western coasts of

Africa, to various ports in Brazil and the Spanish Colonies.

To obtain this number not only are the coasts, but the interior of Africa desolated by fire and sword ; and it is computed that out of every thousand negroes captured, *one-half* perish in battle, and the fatigue and privation endured in their march to the coast, and during their detention there ; *one-fourth* of those embarked, perish during the middle passage ; and *one-fifth* of those who are landed, perish in the seasoning, during the first year ; and the remaining *three hundred*, with their descendants, are doomed to hopeless bondage, and a premature grave.

Such are slavery and the slave-trade, viewed in the mass. In their incidents and details they present all that is aggravated in war, atrocious in murder, and brutal in oppression.

The peaceful African village is invaded by a horde of barbarians, its habitations fired, the aged, the very young, and the badly wounded, slain without remorse or

pity ; the healthy and vigorous fastened by cords or iron fetters, and, yoked together, are marched off to the coast, many dying from hunger, thirst, and fatigue upon the road ; the survivors, chained together, confined in barracoons, until the arrival of purchasers, who make their selections for the slave-markets of Cuba and Brazil, the refuse slaves being destroyed as worthless.

Then follows the shipment of these wretched beings on board the slavers, their close package between decks, their incredible sufferings from disease, want of air, and stowage, and the vast mortality which often occurs. Landed in Brazil and Cuba, they are exposed for sale, examined, treated like cattle, sold to the highest bidder, and then subjected to the barbarous usages and deep degradation of slavery for life. And their children follow their condition.

The law of slavery is fundamentally the same in all slave-holding countries. In law, the slave owns nothing, and can acquire nothing. He is not reckoned

among sentient beings, but among *things*. He is reported and adjudged to be a *chattel* personal in the hand of his owner, to *all intents, constructions, and purposes whatsoever*. He has neither personal, civil, nor social rights. Hence it follows that he may be bartered, leased, mortgaged, bequeathed, taken in execution, and sold at public vendure, at the will, or to meet the exigencies of his owner. Hence, also, it follows, that he may be separated from his wife and from his children for ever, for the law does not recognise him either as a husband or a father; himself, his wife, his offspring belong to another. Hence it further follows, that he may be coerced to labour by the whip, and for any or for no offence scourged, chained, and imprisoned. However barbarous the treatment, and whatever may be the cause, the slave can obtain no redress; his evidence, whether it respects himself or others, they being *free men*, is of no force or validity.

Unless he commit crime, he may be said, in fact, to be without the pale of law; *then*, however, he may be punished

with dreadful severity ; for what in a *free man* would either be no crime, or merely a venial offence, is, in the case of the slave, regarded as a crime of the worst class.

Moreover, the slave may be denied the commonest elements of knowledge, kept in ignorance, brutified and degraded to the lowest condition into which humanity can fall, under the influence of a system which comprehends within itself all that is unjust and inhuman in principle, and all that is barbarous and revolting in practice.

Deeply commiserating the condition of the slaves, many philanthropic and Christian men have, at various times, pleaded their cause, but especially during the last half-century. As the effect principally of their self-denying exertions and sacrifices, and of the great principles they have advocated, the following results are given:—

In the undermentioned portions of the United States of America, slavery has been abolished—viz., Vermont, by its

constitution of 1777; Pennsylvania, 1780; Massachusetts, 1780; Connecticut, 1784; Rhode Island, 1784; New Hampshire, 1784; New York, 1799; and New Jersey, in 1804.

In Mexico, slavery was abolished by decree in 1829; In various South American Republics, decrees have been issued having the same object in view—viz., Buenos Ayres, in 1816; Columbia, 1821; Chili, 1821; Bolivia, 1826; Peru, Guatemala, and Monte Video, in 1828; and Uruguay, in 1843.

But the chief measure of this kind was accomplished by Great Britain in 1833, when her legislature passed the celebrated act for the emancipation of nearly eight thousand slaves in her West India colonies, British Guiana, the Cape of Good Hope, and the Mauritius.

Subsequently to this important act, another has been passed by the Governor in Council of British India, granting liberty to many millions of slaves in that vast part of the British Empire. This great event took place also in 1843.

In addition to this, proclamations have been issued by the British Government for the emancipation of the slaves held in bondage at its settlements in the Straits of Malacca, and in the recently conquered country of Scinde.

In 1844, slavery was abolished at the British settlement of Hong Kong, China.

In the year 1845, Sweden decreed the emancipation of the slave population in the Island of St. Bartholomew, her sole possession in the West Indies ; and France has enacted a law, which secures to the slaves in her colonies the right to possess property, under certain limitations, and the power of self-redemption against the will of their masters.

This is considered a first, though a very imperfect step, towards their ultimate emancipation.

Nor has the spirit of abolition been confined to America and Europe, the Bey of Tunis has followed the example set him by civilised and Christian people in this respect. He has abolished the slave-

trade within his territories, and made provision for the speedy termination of slavery itself; and this he has done, to use his own language, "For the glory of mankind, to distinguish them from the brute creation."

To the philanthropic mind it must afford the sincerest gratification that the great Act of Emancipation was carried into effect in the British Colonies, not only without tumult or disorder of any kind, but that the emancipated slaves received it with the liveliest gratitude and thanksgiving.

The few years which have elapsed since the memorable period when they were declared free have witnessed their advance in intelligence, wealth, and respectability. No longer coerced to labour, they work willingly for moderate wages. No longer kept in ignorance by barbarous laws and usages, they now eagerly avail themselves of the means of useful and religious instruction.

In short, whether it respects their phy-

sical condition, their social relations, or their moral conduct, their improvement has far outstripped the most sanguine expectations of their friends, and have satisfied even their enemies that emancipation is as safe as practice as it is just in principle.

Yet much remains to be done ; and all into whose hands these remarks may fall are earnestly exhorted to “remember those that are in bonds, as bound with them,” and to unite, as far as they may be able, with the friends of humanity and liberty in every country, “to break the yoke of the oppressor, and bid the enslaved go free.”

The divine system of Christianity teaches men to regard each other as brethren and neighbours, and especially to extend their sympathies and aid to those who are helpless and miserable. The slave is such in the most emphatic sense of the word.

Do you ask how you can aid him ? how you can break his bonds ? Suppose

slavery should exist in any part of the country to which you belong, or in any of its colonies, you can join your neighbours and friends in petitioning your Government and Legislature for its immediate and entire abolition. You can obtain and diffuse information respecting its extent, its nature, and its horrors, until no one shall remain ignorant of its true character, or of his duty in respect to it.

In Great Britain and Ireland, and the free portion of the United States, there are a large number of influential Anti-Slavery Societies in existence.

In France and Holland there are several important associations of the same kind.

In Denmark, and some parts of Germany, and even in Spain and Portugal influential individuals are actively labouring in the cause of suffering humanity.

These societies and individuals keep up a friendly intercourse by correspondence

and personal visitation. Their object is the same ; first, the complete extinction of slavery in their own countries and colonies, where it exists ; and secondly, its entire abolition throughout the world ; convinced that the universal abolition of slavery is the only effectual way of suppressing and destroying the slave-trade,

The abolition societies of Great Britain, the United States, France, and Holland, are represented by periodical journals, in which every material fact connected with the great object they have in view is recorded ; and the great duty of emancipation is ably and zealously advocated.

If, however, the country to which you belong is happily exempt from the curse of slavery, yet, as a member of the human family, and a citizen of the world, you are bound by the most sacred principles to unite with all who are interested in the cause of justice and benevolence in promoting the universal freedom and the happiness of mankind.

Your youth can be brought up in the

hatred of slavery and the love of freedom. Your literature can be imbued with those lofty principles which first made, and now keeps, your country free. You can follow your countrymen, as travellers or as emigrants, to distant climes, and guard them from the contaminating influence of slavery, by your counsels, and thus help forward the glorious period when not a single human being shall groan and perish under its iron sway.

And ever let it be remembered, that as slavery is one of the greatest calamities that can afflict or degrade your fellow-men, so its infliction, whether to satisfy the lust of gain or the love of power, is a crime against God, and therefore ought to be everywhere reprobated, and its extinction universally sought.

The following testimonies to the capabilities of the negro race, are from a large volume entitled, "A Tribute for the Negro," by Wilson Armistead.

JOSEPH RACHEE, OF BARBADOES,

of whom philanthropists take pleasure in speaking, having become rich, he consecrated all his fortune to acts of benevolence. The unfortunate, without distinction of colour, had a claim on his affections. He gave to the indigent, lent to those who could not make a return, visited prisoners, gave them good advice, and endeavoured to bring back the guilty to virtue.

JOHN WILLIAMS,

a coloured man of New Jersey, naturally intelligent, was brought by conviction to the knowledge of the Truth, and ended his days in prayer and thanksgiving to God.

JACOB LINKS,

a Christian convert of South Africa, with an animated countenance, fluency of speech, and fervency of expression, declared the glad tidings of the Gospel, to which he became a martyr by being hor-

ribly murdered. He spent his breath, like another Stephen, in praying for his murderers.

PETER LINKS,

a brother of Jacob's, was also a bright light among the Christian converts in South Africa, and was for a considerable time very useful in the mission field.

ZILPHA MOUNTJOY,

an aged negress of New York, afforded a pattern of exemplary conduct. Her pious and circumspect life rendered her an object of peculiar interest to many.

ALICE, A FEMALE SLAVE

in Pennsylvania, attained to the advanced age of 116 years, zealously attending divine worship till she was 95 years old. The honesty, love of truth, temperance, and industry, of this negress, are highly commendable.

GEORGE HARDY, A COLOURED YOUTH,

discovered in his earliest years a quickness of discernment and readiness of apprehension rarely surpassed, being able to read the Bible when four years old. Though furnished with very scanty sources of information or improvement, he betrayed a vigour of intellect and originality of thought, which a protracted and enervating disease never subdued.

QUASHI, A NEGRO SLAVE,

affords in the history of his tragical death, an illustration, that the despised race are highly capable of gratitude and resentment, friendship and honour.

MOSES, A NEGRO OF VIRGINIA,

was a remarkable pattern of piety. His prayers seemed to make all feel that the Almighty was present. "I thought I could give up all my learning and worldly prospects," says one, "to have the humility, the devotional spirit, and the nearness to heaven of this pious negro."

The interesting and deeply affecting
history of the slave,

ZANGARA,

stolen from Africa when very young, is
highly demonstrative that the negro is by
no means excluded from the possession of
all the finer feelings of our nature.

Respecting the capabilities of two Af-
rican youths, educated at the Borough-
road school in London.

CHARLES KNIGHT AND JOSEPH MAY,

a high testimony is given in the Minutes
of Evidence before the Committee of the
House of Commons on the West Coast of
Africa.

The touching account of the sufferings
and affections of

MAQUAMA,

a negro stolen from Africa, and who,
when old and blind, was discarded in a

helpless state, is related in a most affecting manner. His observations bespeak him to have been possessed of an intelligent and reflecting mind—"The prospect of eternal happiness which events have led to," says he, "infinitely overpays all my sufferings."

JACOB HODGES,

a negro of Canandaigua, furnishes one of the finest illustrations of the power of Divine truth on the most ignorant and wretched of mankind.

Who has not been delighted in perusing the narrative of

THE NEGRO SERVANT,

related by the worthy Leigh Richmond? who testifies of him:—"The more I conversed with this African convert, the more satisfactory were the evidences of his mind being spiritually enlightened, and his heart effectually wrought upon by the grace of God."—"He bore the *impression* of the Saviour's image on his


heart, and exhibited the marks of converting grace in his life and conversation, accompanied with singular simplicity and unfeigned sincerity."

BELINDA LUCAS

was stolen from Africa when a child. She purchased her freedom from slavery, and lived to about 100 years of age. Her narrative affords a striking instance, in the despised race, of honest persevering industry and frugality.

These are but a few of the *minor* examples of moral worth and intellectual capacity in the negro; we might swell the list to hundreds, and cite far more illustrious examples, such as the brave, the magnanimous TOUSSAINT L'OVERTURE, who, after freeing his countrymen of St. Domingo from their white oppressors, and carrying on the government of the island with singular prudence and sagacity for a time, was treacherously inveigled into the power of the great conqueror Napoleon, who was, no doubt, jealous of his greatness, and consigned

to a dungeon amid the alpine snows, where he soon perished, as a son of the Tropics would be sure to do in so uncongenial a clime. We might speak also of GEOFFREY L'ISLET, the meteorologist, and of AMO the Councillor of State in Berlin ; of BANNEKER, the almanack-maker ; of PHILLIS WHEATLEY, the poetess ; of JOB BEN SOLOMON, the Arabic scholar ; of FREDERICK DOUGLASS and SAMUEL R. WARD, to the eloquent addresses of both of whom thousands in this country have often listened in delight and wonder ; of J. W. C. PENNINGTON, who, once a poor ignorant plantation slave, became, entirely by his own native genius and exertion, a D.D. ; of W. G. ALLEN, the talented lecturer, and professor of Latin, Greek, Rhetoric, and the Belles Lettres in New York College ; of GARNETT' and ROPER, and CRUMMELL, and a host of others, who are, or were, living, and speaking, and acting, and thus giving the lie to those who contend for " a natural inferiority " in the Negro, because it suits their purpose and seems in some measure to justify the keeping him in a state of bondage and degradation.



One of the most eloquent and powerful of American writers, Dr. Channing, has well said, in reference to the Negro race :—

“ We are holding in bondage one of the best races of the human family. The Negro is among the mildest and gentlest of men. He is singularly susceptible of improvement from abroad. His children, it is said, receive more rapidly than ours the elements of knowledge. How far he can originate improvements, time alone can teach. His nature is affectionate, easily touched ; and hence he is more open to religious impressions than the white man. The European races have manifested more courage, enterprize, invention ; but in the dispositions which Christianity particularly honours, how inferior are they to the African ! When I cast my eyes over our southern region, the land of bowie knives, Lynch law, and duels—of chivalry, honour, and revenge—and when I consider that Christianity is declared to be a spirit of charity, ‘ which seeketh not its own, is not easily provoked,

thinketh no evil, and endureth all things'—can I hesitate in deciding to which of the races in that land Christianity is most adapted, and in which its noblest disciples are most likely to be reared?

And what said Lord Brougham of the system under which this oppressed race is groaning and pining in the so-called “land of freedom:”—

“Slavery, which is the most accursed and unnatural production of crime, and the most frightful source of human misery; which degrades the slave, but no more than it degrades his master—for I never can hold the victim of oppression to be more debased than him who imperiously exercises oppression—slavery, that plant under which grows all that is noxious and detestable—for the description of which my own poor diction is wanting, and for which I must refer to him, who, as he was the most eloquent of bards, was also the wisest of men, and one of the fastest friends of freedom—that plant under which

"All life dies, death lives, and nature breeds,
Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things,
Abominable, inutterable, and worse
Than fables yet have feigned or fear conceived"—

that plant, under which all that grows to
defile the earth, to pest the air, and to
desecrate the works of Providence."

Were other testimony needed, we might
call in to support our argument "a cloud
of witnesses," who have appealed to the
bar of public opinion and to that of
eternal justice against this crying iniquity
—but it is not; Reason and Religion
have alike given their verdict against the
slavery system; and many of those who
are most deeply implicated in it would
gladly put it aside as "an accursed
thing" if they knew how. Listen to this
emphatic condemnation of it from the
lips of one who can be suspected of no
"spurious philanthropy," as the Southern
slave-holders are wont to designate the
actuating spirit of abolitionist exertion.
The speaker here is Tom Marshall, of
Kentucky, well known in America as a
man of great gifts and talents:—

"I have said that I considered negro

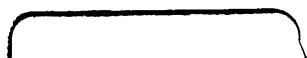
slavery as a political misfortune. The phrase was too mild. It is a cancer—a slow, consuming cancer—a withering pestilence—an unmitigated curse. I was born in a slave State—I was nursed by a slave—my life has been saved by a slave. To me custom has made the relation familiar, and I see nothing horrible in it. I am a Virginian by descent. Every cross in my blood, so far as I can trace it in the paternal or maternal line, is Virginian.”

Those who may desire to pursue this subject further will find ample information in Armistead’s noble volume—before alluded to—and in a smaller and more recent work entitled “God’s Image in Ebony;” the numerous publications of the anti-slavery societies; “Autographs for Freedom,” &c. &c.; each and all will furnish the friend of the negro and the hater of oppression with proofs, arguments, and illustrations, which must to the unprejudiced mind be

“ ——— confirmation, strong
As proof of Holy Writ.”







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